

work hard at it, but don't appear to hit very often. Everybody here is picturesque; one boy has a red handkerchief over his head, his face painted yellow, and wide yellow buckskin breeches with farmer-boy suspenders. They are not so savage as they look; say "Hello" to them as they run past and they shout back "Hello." A short "Howgh!" as deep in your throat as can get it is, however, the usual salutation; but even this you can't always count on. Two young bucks in full paint, passing by on a run, respond to a solemn "How" with a friendly "Good morning." And here is a tepee with a bicycle leaning by its entrance, and there is an Indian brass band, which the white policemen seem to think the feature of the congress.

Here now is something genuine. On the grass before an out-of-the-way lodge in the Sioux section sit half-a-dozen of the elders in a circle, stern-visaged old warriors, paying no heed to the curious passer. They are doing something, but what it is is beyond unaided conjecture; there is no sound from them save an occasional grunt, but their hands are in motion; they hold up one, two, three fingers, point upward and downward, and chop at each other as if counting. Is it prayer perhaps, or merely conversation?

They don't talk much, these old Indians, but their sign-language is developed to a point that is incredible until you see what they do with it.

You wonder at not being importuned to buy anything at quadruple price. There appears to be no merchandise offered, but if this happens to be the one part of the fair of which you would like to have a relic, you may, after some inquiry, be directed to an inconspicuous tepee, where you are told you may find something, if you are lucky. Stooping at its entrance, you find that you are intruding upon a silent conclave. Four or five of the serious old men and a couple of old women are sitting around on the blankets. All their eyes are upon you, but nobody stirs. You say "How," they say "How." No opposition being made, you enter and seat yourself in the opening of the circle. They are smoking; that is, each in turn is taking a few pulls at the long, heavy-handled pipe. It is not offered you, but if you signify a willingness to partake it will be gravely passed to you. You can proceed to business whenever you like. If it is moccasins you want you can easily signify that; there is a grunt here and there, and presently there will appear from somewhere a pair that you will probably find, when you get home, fit you exactly. Payment is easy. You offer a suitable assortment of coins to the nearest warrior, and he picks out the right ones, which will come to about one-third of what you expected to pay, if you have ever bought such things of a dealer. Then, if you have be-

haved yourself well, he will shake hands with you into the bargain, and you can withdraw; and you needn't expect him to wrap up your purchase.

By far the most curious feature of this day is the arrival of a band of newcomers, Flatheads from Montana. They appear marching by twos from the gate in the southwest corner, two exposition officials in front, not looking very glad, and in the rear the wildest looking old savage on the grounds, having a long fringe of reddish hair hanging all around his head, from which it stands out some six inches. This it afterwards appears is not his own hair, but purely decorative; he is a very respectable chief, and a judge in his nation, and has been to Washington. The line is halted by the washhouses on the south side, and immediately there begins a running from all parts of the grounds, of braves hastening up to shake hands with the newly-arrived. Your suspicions are aroused, and you think they perhaps have not been parted very long; but Heaven at this point sends a man with a badge on his hat, who has lived among them and knows their language, and he says that not only were they all strangers until they met here, but that many of them are of tribes that have been hostile time out of mind. So you turn again to watching them, with the little knot of visitors that has collected; some telephone linemen have come down from their poles and joined the group; and on come the welcoming braves, Foxes, Blackfeet, Chippewas, Brule-Sioux, Winnebagoes, the young men running, the old men pacing soberly up in their utmost pomp; and each one goes down the line, giving a "Howgh!" and a handshake at every step. "Look at 'm, would ye?" we say; "think he'll shake hands with the squaws? Not by a d— sight." But the next is a chivalrous brave, who gives the little Flathead women the same welcome as their husbands. These are not so noble-looking a lot as some of the Sioux for instance; the men are rather young, and grin like Chinamen, as if they were being tickled in the ribs; but no smile visits the old judge in the rear; his eyes dodge watchfully about behind his fringe of horsehair.

Presently they move on, and we call on the man with the badge to tell us this and that. He has three bundles of toilet paper under his arm, and is in some authority over the Indians; he stops frequently to shout some directions in their tongue, which is a sonorously-bounding speech, all accents, as it comes from his mouth. The Indians never seem to shout, unless a "Ho!" to draw attention; their speaking is a mutter of consonants and swallowings, with no vowel sounds apparent.

This gentleman tells us that he is crazy anyway, but that he would have been plumb demented if he had tried

to learn any more Indian languages. He is interrupted by a shame-faced warrior who it seems wants to take a bath. Our friend conducts him to an apartment in the washhouse, with much frantic expostulation, from the sound of it, and returns to us. It seems that the Indians are very cleanly and much devoted to the use of water, but are unable to distinguish clearly at times between the different uses that the white man puts it to. Some of his applications of it fill them with surprise and even terror at first. Why, yesterday—and his hands begin to go apart to illustrate the forthcoming anecdote with a measurement—I had to get the plumber—but here a calling is heard from the bathroom, and he runs to learn the needs of the chief within, one eye of whom is burning brightly around the edge of the slightly opened door. It appears that he has forgotten the soap, and is timid about coming out after it; probably having orders on that head. Soap is supplied, and our linguist comes back to regale us with unnecessarily ribald reminiscences of life among the Indians.

But again we all stop to listen to a new howling in the bathroom. All is well this time however; the pious redman is only performing an appropriate song, of praise to the good spirit, no doubt, or deprecation to the bad one, or something of that sort. But it appears to us so funny, for some reason, that our gravity suddenly forsakes us all and we twist ourselves with mirth.

Then we follow the Flatheads, who have been marched to the spot assigned to them. By good management on somebody's part, their tent-poles, baggage and other impediments are on the ground as soon as they are; two tepees are already up, a young squaw is sitting on a pile of blankets with a cheerful six-months' baby sputtering and twisting about her feet, while the bucks stand around, still receiving civilities and grinning. Two of them produce beautiful war clubs, armed with short polished black horns. "Buffalo?" asks an investigating Indian, and an affirmative grunt being given the clubs are handed about with much curiosity. It would seem as if the native name for that vanished creature must have been forgotten; indeed the younger men must know him only by tradition.

An active little squaw in blue blanket skirt and neat leggings is setting up the third tepee. She takes the three longest poles and ties them together near the small end; it is then easy for two people to set them up into a tripod, in the crotches of which the tops of the other poles rest. The covering is then drawn around the whole, an opening being left low down on one side. The hole in the top around the poles seems not to be sufficient for ventilation, for a slit is left running down for several feet from it, with long flaps standing up, which are carefully held open by poles coming up from